

# LORENA



And hear  
the distant Church bells  
chimed.

For  
"if we try,  
we may forget."

But there, up there,  
his Heart to Heart.

Guitar.

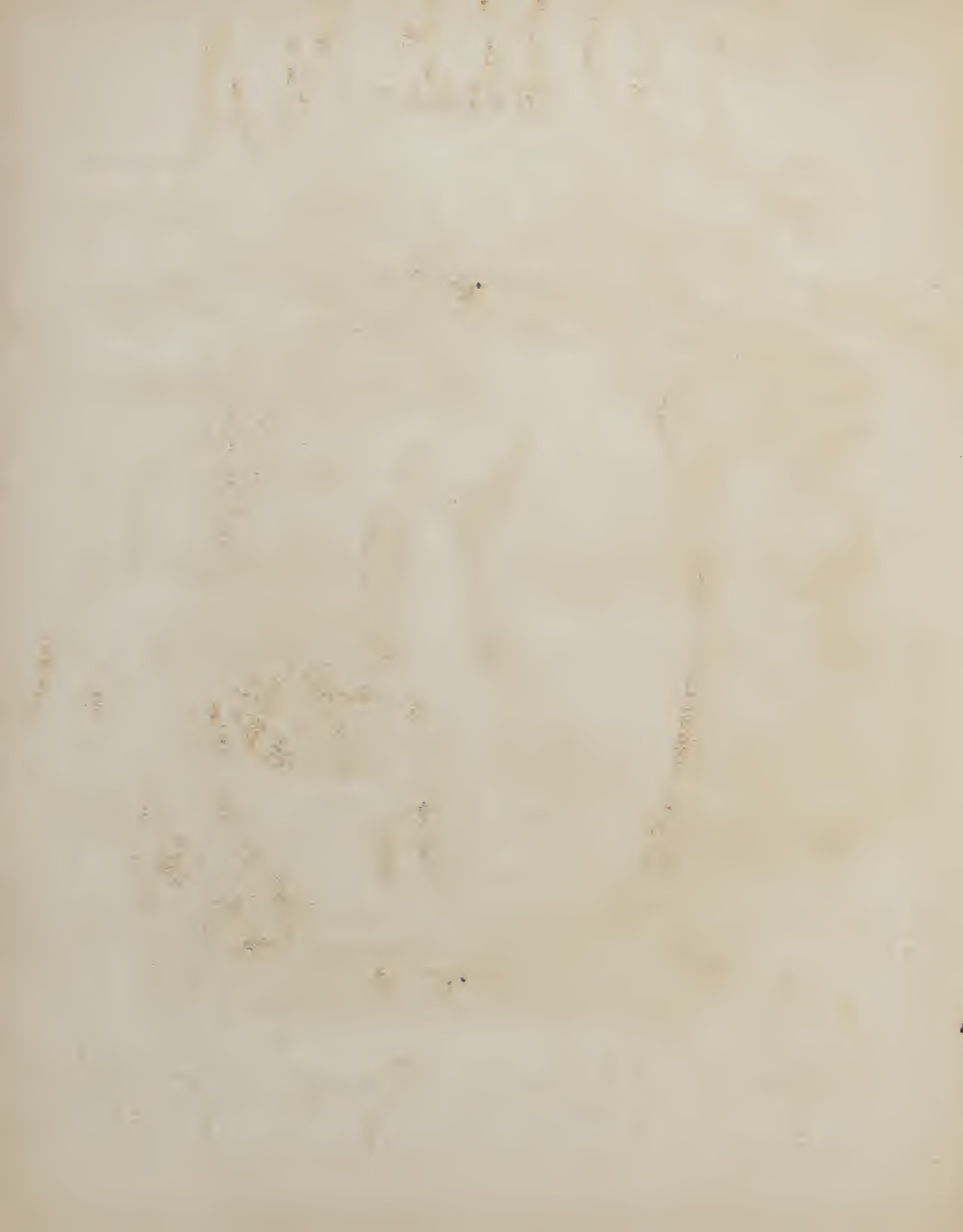
Piano.



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CHICAGO.

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# "LORENA."

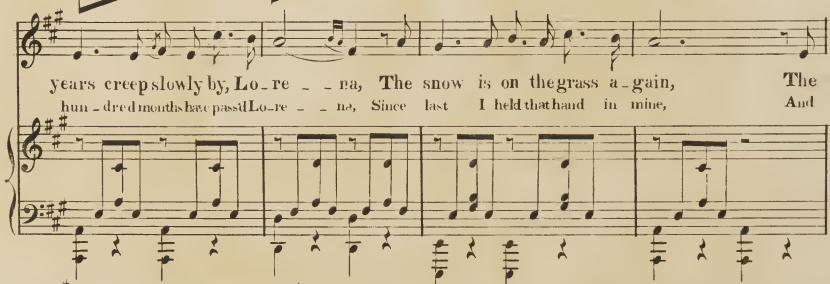
Poetry by REV. H. D. L. WEBSTER.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

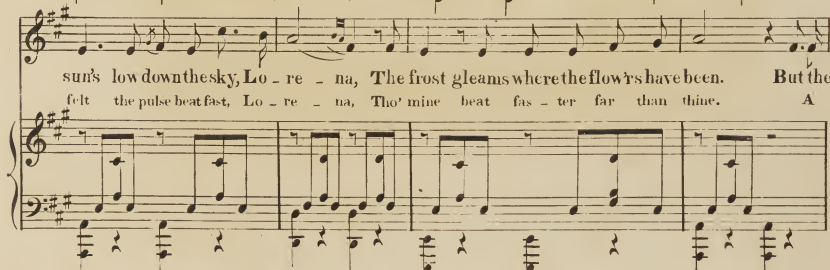


1. The  
2. A



years creep slowly by, Lo - re - na, The snow is on the grass a - gain,  
hun - dred months have passed Lo - re - na, Since last I held that hand in mine,

The  
And



sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been.  
felt the pulse beat fast, Lo - re - na, Tho' mine beat faster far than thine.

But the  
A

heart throbs on as warmly now, As when the summer days were nigh; Oh! the  
 hun-dred months, two flow'ry May, When up the hil-ly slope we climbed, To.....

sun can never dip so low,..... Adown affection's cloudless sky. The  
 watch the dying of the day,..... And hear the distant church-bells chimed. To

sun can never dip so low,..... Adown affection's cloudless sky.  
 watch the dying of the day,..... And hear the distant church-bells chimed.



3. We loved each other then Lo - re - na, More  
4. The sto - ry of that past, Lo - re - na, A -

than we ev'ldared to tell; And what we might have been, Lo - re - na, Had  
las! I care not to re - peat, The hopes that could not last, Lo - re - na, They

but our lovings prosper'd well— But then, 'tis past—the years are gone, I'll  
lived, but on - ly lived to cheat. I would not cause e'en one re - gret To

not call up their shadowy forms; I'll..... say to them, "lost years, sleep on!..... Sleep  
warm - kle in your ho - som now; For..... "if we try, we may for - get!..... Were

on! nor heed, life's pelting storm?" I'll say to them, lost years, sleep on!..... Sleep  
words of thine long years a - go. For "if we try, we may for - get." Were

on! nor heed, life's pelting storm?"  
words of thine long years a - go.

5.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,  
They burn within my memory yet;  
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,  
Which thrill and tremble with regret.  
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke;  
Thy heart was always true to me:—  
A *duty* stern and pressing, broke  
The tie which linked my soul with thee.

6.

It matters little now, Lorena,  
The past—is in the eternal Past,  
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,  
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.  
There is a Future! O thank God,  
Of life this is so small a part!  
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod;  
But there, *up there*, 'tis heart to heart.